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POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS

"The Friendly Newspaper That Dares To Tell The Truth."

Volume One | Richmond, California, Friday, July 28, 1933 | Number Twenty Five

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

You know Bill Nye once wrote a story "The Rise and Fall of William Johnson," and it reminds me of the political rise of John Miller.

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The first knowledge I have of Boss Miller's ambitious activities was when the City Council made him president of the Park Commission and gave him power to select park sites and spend park funds. With the illegal purchase of Grand Canyon Park, the fund amounted to $200,000. John came over to the West Side Improvement Club and notified us that he had selected a half block, composed of rock piles and shell holes, which would cost us exactly the amount he had to spend for Point Richmond—$7,800!

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A West Side resident advised him that if he planted three trees there it would be impossible for two people to walk abreast; and, if an adventurous mother wheeled her baby out there the draft coming through the tunnel would wash her out of her uniform and blow the baby clear over to Grand Canyon Park.

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I have since learned that the same property could be bought for $1.75!

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So far as my knowledge goes, his next advancement was a job under the government—John serves best in times of peace! His record as a distributor of park funds and sites apparently obtained his appointment as a deputy income-tax collector.

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Our John later announced himself as a candidate for Sheriff against General Veale. The frightened Republican managers of Contra Costa County went into a huddle. Happily for them, at this moment, Zeb Knott announced his intention to resign as Supervisor. And immediately these Republicans sensed a posible way to remove Miller as a powerful competitor of General Veale. Two of our Republican political wizards, Tom Carlson and Jack Galvin, flew to Washington to invoke the wisdom and influence of that marvelous statesman — Senator Shortridge—marvelous, in that he could sit there so long and accomplish NOTHING—a record that has never been equalled. For example, he was the oracle of Hoover's administration and nobly assisted in putting 30,000,000 of our people out of employment—and last year was retired to private life by a unanimous vote.

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The Senator turned the white light of his giant intellect upon the problem, suffered with severe labor pains, and finally gave birth to what has since become known as the "three cornered switch." Jim Long was anxious to trade his $300-per-month postmaster job for a $200-a-month supervisor job for what reason only the Lord and Jim Long knows. And Republicans without number were itching to feed at the public trough by taking over John Miller's income-tax job. The whole matter hinged on whether John would give up the sheriff contest in favor of the postmaster appointment.

(Continued on Editorial Page)

OLD TIMERS COLUMN

The Progress is thankful to Mrs. J. Coward, 60 Terrace, for the loan of several interesting newspapers of the vintage of 1911. Some of the interesting items which appear therein are as follows: Big patriotic display in the show windows of Gus Lang's Drug store. Walter Johnson (now Mayor of Richmond) entertained on his birthday. City Clerk Vaughn prepared to meet the needs of hunters with licenses. Club Mendelssohn elects officers: Mrs. W. V. Butterfield, Pres; Mrs. Harry Adkinson, Vice Pres; Mrs. Paul Dunlap, Secy; and Mrs. E. H. Harlow, Treas. Mesdames Jenkins, Moyle, and Roth served as hostesses. Annual picnic of the Western Pipe and Steel—now a departed industry.

CHEERS

A Letter Like This Makes Life Worth While!

Editor Progress:

Enclosed find my check for $2.00 to apply on my renewal subscription to the Progress. Well, Mr. Burt, I am proud of the brave, little Progress, and I congratulate you on the work you are doing for the people of Richmond. Even if it does take some "disturbing element" to help you do it. Well, had it not been for "distrubing elements" humanity might still be hiding behind fig leaves.

Twenty years ago I became a resident of Richmond, and I must truthfully say that I have learned more about the affairs of this city in the few months since the Progress came into existence than I have in all the rest of the twenty years.

With best wishes, yours truly,
JOHN OPMAN, Hardware,
262-16th Street.

"Don't cheer, boys. The poor devils are dying!"

Democratic Women Organize

Contra Costa County Progressive and Democratic women are taking an active interest in politics, and promise to play an important part in the 1934 gubernatorial campaign. Among those who are interested in the East Bay are Mrs. H. H. McPike, Mrs. Wm. Hotchkiss, Mrs. James Bishop, and the next meeting of the Contra Costa group will be at the home of Mrs. Franklin T. Olson, 418 Berkeley Park Boulevard, 2:00 p. m., Thursday, August 3rd. Any Richmond women who care to attend are invited.

Fox Theatre

Tonight and Saturday, July 28-29, "Baby Face," Barbara Stanwyck, George Brent and 12 other men; 'Race Night" Saturday; Sun.-Mon., 30-31, "Hold Me Tight," James Dunn, Sally Eilers, also "Melody Cruise," Charles Ruggles and Phil Harris; Tues., Aug. 1st, "Child of Manhat an," Nancy Carroll and John Boles (Ladies' Glassware Night); Wed.-Thurs., 2-3, "Fast Workers," John Gilbert, and "Parole Girl" with Ralph Bellamy and Mae Clarke.

BERKELEY COUNCIL ALSO BATTLES TAX PROBLEM

Remember Richmond's Rate, $2.22!

The Taxpayer's League announced that it would battle for a 10 per cent reduction from the $200,000 expended to run the city last year (an amazingly low figure in comparison to per capita statistics for larger cities.) The City Council announced that it woud reduce the tax levy from $1.48 to $1.37. Councilmen Berg and Martin announced that they would oppose the $1.37 rate on the grounds that it would necessitate salary reductions for city employees, and suggested a $1.38. The Council, however, as Council's will, approved the $1.37 figure, after Mayor Ament explained that by careful planning salary reductions might be avoided.
Story Courtesy Berkeley Graphic-Herald.

West Siders in Auto Accident

Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Shinn, who were injured in an automobile crash near Stockton last week, will be glad to know that they are recovering, and will leave the hospital shortly. Barbara Deli, is unharmed and staying with her aunt, Mrs. F. W. Hawkins, 1326 Chanlor Street.

BEST LAUGH OF THE WEEK—

• • •

Credit Ruel Crose, Editor of the Independent, with the best story we've heard this week. Ruel told us what Wilbur Pierce said about Wiley Post's marvelous flight. "He only had one eye to close, so he only needed HALF the sleep!"

Council Carefully Considers Proposed Harbor Plan

While the city council meeting last Monday night was as placid as a lake in the mountains, the proposed endorsement of the $27,000,000 East Bay Harbor Project which was introduced in the final moments of the meeting, and which was referred to the harbor committee, should become a subject of great concern by each member of the council, and particularly by the harbor committee.

True, City Engineer Hoffman said there was no financial obligation involved; and this is absolutely essential for the people of Richmond are in no mood to consider any more bond issues at this time—for the harbor, or any other purpose. And if the council, speaking for the people, does not wish to assure the project its complete support, which will ultimately become financial, what good is the endorsement, anyway? There is no doubt that the council has, in times past, been entirely too free with endorsements which are presumed to be the will of our people—such as the Great Northern fiasco, for example. And lately it would seem as if every company, organization, club, association, etc., etc., which has an axe to grind starts out by getting a bunch of endorsements from city councils which nine times out of ten could never get any benefit from them.

Now, about this endorsement: The Progress will not give its advantages as the usual, hip-hip-hurrah, banquets, daily newspaper support, and everything one might expect is in motion to "put it over big." For thinking taxpayers we offer the following comment.

1. We do not know who the Berkeley Waterfront Company is, and do not care, but if they are so anxious to have the City of Richmond get back of a harbor which is largely owned by them, why not let them build the harbor themselves? Don't you think we have had enough of trying to push Inner Harbors into mud flats when our Outer Harbor, from Point San Pablo to Point Potrero has ample deep water for all East Bay commerce for the next 100 years?

2. Suppose we jump on the bandwagon and raise the welkin for the harbors of Berkeley, Oakland, Albany, Emeryville, and waypoints, which this seems to be? Do you suppose those cities are going to pay for any part of our harbor when they know what a fizzle the Parr lease has turned out to be? And, Lord help us, if a harbor district is ever created—and this endorsement may lead to that—when, as has happened in our East Bay Municipal Utility Water District, the voters in other cities elect a representative for our part of the district who ran for everything from supervisor to senator, and was badly defeated when Contra Costa votes counted.

NEWS- For The Weak-Minded

Reams of Free Publicity for Morons, Captured From the Front Pages of Our Leading DAILY Newspapers—THIS is what makes present-day America a nation of he-men and she-women.

EDITORS NOTE: Inasmuch as the POINT RICHMOND PROGRESS is rapidly becoming one of the leading weekly newspapers of the nation we are accepting the suggestion that we give a brief review of what DAILY newspapers publish as the real, hotsy-totsy space consuming news of the week.

S. F. Call-Bulletin—takes the prize for the greatest waste of newsprint this week. Some fellow named Winchell, or Simple, or some such name got a sock on the nose from a one time ham actor named Yolson or such. Story got big boxcar headlines. Deserved a stick of type on page 27.

• • •

Elliott Roosevelt—earned a big bonus from the Lawyer's Union. His rapid-fire, quick-change wife act is estimated to have set the style for about 36,738 divorces, at $125 per each in 1933. This will make income taxes easier for many attorneys, and insures unanimous legal support for his dad's campaign in 1936.

• • •

O. O. McIntyre—still sets the pace in columning. His small-town column of puffs contains the real news o fpersons. The bigger they are the harder they fall; and how these big town yokels like to "get their name in the paper!" Ain't it so, Odd?

$27,000,000 East Bay Harbor Project—Many columns about this in Richmond papers. We still think it is a typographical mistake, and the figures should have been $72,000,000.

• • •

Big Divorce Case—".....**"** America's Sweetheart finds matrimonial yoke galling. Calls it off with latest hubby. "..... ....." Another male and female in the wings waiting to step on the stage. This is a standard item with daily newspapers. Play the game yourself. Just grab a couple of names of movie stars, out of the ads, play up with two columns and a streamer, and throw in a few bathing suit poses for good measure. Story is then complete. Use the next day by simply changing names.

• • •

Filipino Murder Trial—Carlson and Pierce have now gotten down to the point where they are trying the district attorney (!) for the alleged crime, according to latest dispatches from Martinez.

• • •

Billy Hearst's Sweetie — Marion Davies garnered another million dollars worth of publicity (at ad rates) for her latest picture, but we don't know whether she owes Bill or he owes her! Anyway, one could hardly call M. D.'s publicity NEWS.

Earl Davis, New Legion Commander

Election of officers of Richmond Post No. 10, American Legion was the feature of the meeting last night. A large number of new legionairres tread the hot sands: Paul Hubner, Al Cundy, Pio Vallerga, Les Putnam, Joe Souza, Harry Garrard, "Spike" McCann, Bill Rice, Paul George, Bill Stolker, Al Alloro, Louie Lanza, Walter Imbach, John O'Rourke, Lewis Bish, and Louis Merkt. Richmond Post's crack drill team performed the obsequies.

John Regello, who is in charge of the Point Branch bank, while Wallace Kruger is on vacation, has been honored by a high office in the Fourth Degree of the Knights of Columbus.

Gordon Williams Bids Good Bye To Tonsils

The Progress was glad to hear from Mrs. J. C. Williams, 56 Montana, that Gordon is well, after the tonsilectomy last Tuesday. Dr. W. S. Lucas performed the operation.

Richmond Theatre

Tonight, "Billion Dollar Scandal," with Robt. Armstrong, also "Deception" with Leo Carrillo; Sat., Ben Lyon in "Crooked Circle," also Tim McCoy, "Fighting for Justice"; Sun.-Mon., "I Am a Fugitive," Paul Muni, and "Smoke Lightning," George O'Brien (Sam's Country Store, Monday); Tuesday, Wednesday, "Mussolini Speaks" also "Hello, Everybody," Kate Smith; Thurs.-Fri., 3-4, "Red Dust" and also "Nagana."

◄ FORLORN ISLAND ►

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By Edison Marshall

WNU Service

THE STORY FROM THE BEGINNING

With his yacht, the Intrepid, abandoned by its crew, Felix Horton, millionaire, sailing with his mother, his daughter Nan, and Roy Stuart, puts into Squaw Harbor, Alaska, to recruit. Failing to secure sailors, Horton engages a bunch of nondescripts. A gigantic Pole, Sandomar, is their leader. At the request of Captain Waymire, the Intrepid's skipper, an old friend, Eric Ericssen, holding master's papers, but unemployed, engages to sail as chief officer. Nan, attracted by Eric, indulges in a moonlight flirtation, which brings them both to the threshold of interest in each other, if not of love. The Intrepid is wrecked by one of Sandomar's crowd. Eric takes command of a small boat, with Horton's party. Unable to help, they watch Sandomar kill Captain Waymire and leave the ship with his crowd. Waymire has thrown Eric a revolver. From one of the Aleut Indians, ashore, who speaks a little English, Eric learns there is no communication with the outside world. Fireheart, priestess of the island, descended from a white man in the remote past, also knowing some English, welcomes the castaways. Sandomar declares there shall be no law on the island, but Eric, having the only gun, cows him for the time, declaring he is the law, and lays out work for all. Nan faces the situation bravely.

CHAPTER V—Continued
—6—

She whirled on him in swift fury, letting go everything. "That's isn't what you told Sandomar last night. Would you mind saying which girl you referred to? I don't think it was Marie. You must know she's engaged to Wilcox—but perhaps that wouldn't make any difference to you."

"I referred to you, of course."

"How do you know but that I'm in love with Roy? Or did you just mean to take me away from him—by force, if necessary. Well, you can give that up, once and for all. I'll clean fish, or anything else, for the welfare of the party; but don't think I'm ever going to be your squaw, even if we stay here the rest of our natural lives. If I take anyone here, it will be Roy."

Somehow Eric managed to smile. It was one of the few successful bluffs he had ever made. "I'm sorry you took that seriously."

She seemed stunned. "Didn't you mean it?"

"Naturally not. I supposed you saw through it. Even men like Sandomar show some restraint to another man's girl. If he thinks there's a clear field, he'll be twice as dangerous."

Nan looked down, her eyes dry now and oddly dark. "I beg your parden."

"You needn't. It's a worth-while field, but I'm not in it. And if you're in love with Roy, I wish you'd marry him—here in the chapel. I'll say the same to Marie and Wilcox. It would save a lot of trouble, make you two girls far safer."

"Im not in love with Roy—yet. Nor with anyone."

"Try to fall soon, won't you? And now we understand each other, let me ask you not to clean any more fish. The squaws don't mind doing it; they'd rather sit down to a nice messy job like this than to stand out in the cold water. Take a spear and try your hand, beside your father. It's exciting and the sand won't get in your eyes."

Eric turned quickly, he could not wear the mask much longer. Pride! It was his own private devil. For pride's sake he had cast away the most fair and starlit hope that had ever touched his heart.

That night he built a barricade for Nan's turf-house, and moved an old lone squaw so he could have a small hut to himself. It was centrally located, and by knocking out a block of turf, he made a window to hear Nan's or Horton's softest call. The oaken door was off a ship cubby, cast up by the sea long ago, and its bolt of stone could not be forced without giving an alarm. Here he, too, could sleep secure from a surprise attack.

Tired from the day's toil, Sandomar's gang went to their hut at sundown. Though they might plot and threaten, they would make no trouble tonight.

He awakened with a heavy heart just before dawn. What if he did win this island war with the elemental powers? For the others—life, freedom, the pursuit of happiness; for him, what gain? Only a succession of other wars with wave, storm, and crag—continued bondage to his idealism—the search for the distant lighthouse that ever faded from his sight. Love? He had denied it. No girl like Nan would ever cross his trail again; she was the one girl whose steel could strike fire from the flint of his soul, whose greatness called to his own greatness since the dawn of time; and he had been afraid to fight for her!

It must be that his viking blood had paled in his veins, that the high place in the world he had willed to win was a fool's dream; otherwise he would hew his way to Valhalla for a mate like Nan!

Suddenly he was called from his thoughts by a subdued sound outside his window. Save for the stillness of the hour he would never have caught it, and there was no earthly reason why his heart should fling against his side. . . . But there was an unearthly reason. In the deep of his sailor soul he knew that this was destiny. All was not lost—he was to be given another chance.

A dim white figure stole by his hut and vanished in the dusk of the creek bank.

Slipping on his parka and mukluks, Eric quietly followed, but he was within fifty yards of the stream before he saw the ghost again. It looked almost too bulky for a river spirit, but presently it moved weirdly, lost all animate shape, and then seemed to separate into two entities. One of these, and Eric knew it was a discarded parka, fell and collapsed on the ground; and the other stood for a few brief, breathless seconds in silhouette against the dark water.

Eric did not turn and creep away. By Thor and Woden, such folly was behind him! He waited, breathless, his presence unguessed, and a soft voice came stealing through the dark.

It was Nan's, and she was addressing pagan gods. "I am not asleep," she said bravely, as the icy flood almost took her breath. "I am not dead. I am alive."

A moment later she had slipped on her warm fur parka and was hurrying back to the turf-house. She did not see Eric till she was almost upon him, then she flung back with a gasp. He did not speak, but she recognized him instantly.

"Spying?" she whispered, bitterly.

"Yes, and glad of it."

"I thought at least you were a gentleman."

"I didn't come any nearer than this, although I wanted to. I don't ask you to forgive me—I'd do it again. But I do want your forgiveness for the lie I told you today."

"What lie? I'm cold, you can tell me in the morning."

"I want to tell you now. It was the blackest, biggest lie of my life. I said that I didn't mean my declaration to Sandomar. I did mean it, from the bottom of my heart. I am in the field. I want you for my own."

Nan stood very still. Her eyes were long black shadows in the white blur of her face; but he could not guess their message. "If it was a lie, what you said today, I'm glad you took it back," she told him quietly, at last. "I think you are a gentleman—after all."

"And you are the loveliest, bravest girl I've ever known. I knew it when I saw you by the salmon pool—but I tried to dismiss you as unattainable. But I'm going to fight for you now. I'm going to try to win you away from Roy. You are my mate—and if I lose you, I lose all the world."

Nan gazed long and dreamily across the water to the shimmer of dawn. A child's sweet look was on her lifted face. "I'm glad you want me," she told Eric at last. "It almost makes me think that there is something to me after all—not just a spoiled young hellion—but Eric, it will be a hard row. The odds are all against you, you see that. This island adventure is only an interlude in our lives. Some day we'll go back . . . and you must stay by the sea and the snow. Besides, you're competing against a dominant man, a man who always takes what he wants, and who's got a head start."

Eric's heart only leaped the stronger. "But you are mine for the winning?"

"For the winning, yes. I take back what I told you today, there's no insurmountable barrier. I'm going in now, Eric. I'm not cold any more, but I'll see you in daylight."

"It's daylight now," Eric's low voice had a jubilance she had never heard. He looked out to the grim headlands, just emerging from the dark. "It's the most beautiful summer day I ever saw."

In the next day's toil, Eric had cause to remember Nan's expressions of Roy. This deep-thinking cynic was no fish out of water, but a power to be reckoned with, a dangerous rival for Eric's leadership

"You No Come See Fireheart Heap Much," She Chided Gently.

He had found his bearings and was coolly setting out to master his environment. If he were so strong here, how could Eric compete with him on his own ground?

Roy had called Eric's attention to a black bog behind the bluffs. "It's a low grate of peat," he said. "I've seen the like in Ireland. Get the men to cut out squares and set 'em out to drain. In a few weeks we'll have a new fuel and can divert considerable quantities of animal fat into the larders."

Eric rejoiced, without a trace of jealousy. This might spell the difference between plenty and famine in the grim months to come. But the gulf between the leaders remained unbridged.

As they were helping the hunters complete their fish trap, ready for the salmon run, Roy proposed that it be extended so that it cover the channel. "Then we'll get every fish that comes up. As it is, at least a fourth will get by."

"We've got to spare enough for breeding stock," Eric answered. "Salmon come back to the stream where they spawn. If we catch them all, four years from now there won't be a fish to be seen."

It was another clash of viewpoints. "Do you expect to be here four years from now? Thank God, I don't! Let's take the cash and let the credit go."

But Eric stood by his guns. "It's not our island. We're invaders, but we're not Huns, to destroy as we go. Moreover, it's only too possible that we may be standing on this very bank not only four, but ten years from now, waiting for the salmon run." He turned to Chechaquo, his bailiff. "Tell the men to build the trap as usual."

"I don't understand your point of view," Roy said. "Surely you aren't trying to pander to the natives."

"I was pandering only to my sense of right and wrong," was the grave answer. "That may seem laughable to you, but it's a fact. And it's true I'm trying not to antagonize the natives any more than I can help."

"You've already antagonized 'em. Certainly you don't imagine that they've taken kindly to this little monarchy you've set up. They'll rise against you, against your friends, too, the first chance they get. If Sandomar uses his head—and you know he has a good one—he can lead them in a revolt that will sweep us all into the sea. The only sensible thing now is to go the whole hog, rule 'em with an iron hand, regard the island not as their property but ours, and make it so tough for them that they'll gladly break their taboo to help us find our way back to civilization."

Roy went on. "We'll let that go for now. But there's another matter we won't let go. I refer to what you told Sandomar the first night on the island."

Eric turned gravely. "That I wanted one of the girls?"

"Yes. I thought at first you must refer to Marie, or that possibly it was just part of your bluff. Since then I've noticed your attitude toward Nan, and I heard your voice, though I couldn't hear what you said, when you accosted her this morning. I've been forced to the conclusion that you meant Nan, and meant it seriously."

Eric's eyes turned gray. "I did mean Nan. And I did mean it seriously."

"Then I'm obliged to tell you—lay off! That's simple and plain, isn't it? I'll tolerate your seizing the reins here, but I won't stand to see you paying court to my prospective wife."

Eric's anger had been rising like the tide before a gale, but suddenly it ran out and left him struggling with a smile. "Isn't she the one to decide about this?"

"Unfortunately, not. As dictator here, you feel that you have the right to protect the Aleuts against an invader's ruthlessness. As Nan's friend, I have to protect her against her own folly. I concede that you are a gentleman; still in any normal state of affairs you wouldn't have a dog's chance with Nan. You could give her nothing, she would have to give you everything. You could never fit into her life, or she in yours. But out here, when every old standard is wiped away, she is likely to lose her head. You may make a primitive appeal to her, I can understand that very well, and sweep her off her feet; then there'd be another shipwreck when we get back to civilization. I mean to protect her against that—and protect you, too."

Eric's smile was now open and broad. "You needn't worry about me."

"Does that mean you'll confine your energies to running the island?"

"It means I can look out for myself. Moreover I think Nan can, too." Eric's smile faded, and he faced Roy straight. "Anyway, my attentions to Nan are nobody's business but hers and mine, and if I can possibly get her, I'm going to do it."

Roy did not answer for a long time. At last his lips curled. "I see that your idealism is only for outside consumption; the welfare of your shipmates doesn't cut much ice when your own desires are involved. True, I respect you for that—it's fact, not fiction—but in secret you can remember that I'm your enemy."

Eric was ringed about with enemies. On all the island, he had only one staunch and unfailing ally—Mother Horton.

Where did the Aleuts stand? Without their friendship, Eric could not win. But they, too, resented his law. Eric could control the natives only so far as he could sway their priestess; and he could as well stake his life on tomorrow's weather! Fireheart was her rightful name—she was as one of the elements—and she obeyed her own law.

When he passed by the shrine on the fourth evening, she called him in throaty, throbbing tones, "White Chief!"

He paused, and she came to the doorway.

"You no come see Fireheart heap much," she chided gently.

"I've been working hard, to get food for the people."

"But you no get Fireheart food she want. She mighty hungry, mighty thirsty." She smiled wistfully. "You no catch'm love yet?"

"Not yet, Fireheart. But I want you to be my friend."

"Your skin like snow. Maybe your heart like ice. Fireheart, she no want be your friend, she be your girl! Maybe you think Fireheart no so pretty as girl who come in boat. Maybe you think no white man want her. But fine, big white man come to her last night, say he take her, say he want her heap."

She did not fail to see that this shot went home. "Who was it?" Eric asked quickly.

"Man whose skin like milk, hair like dry grass. He say his name Swede." She smiled and nodded. "He promise take Fireheart to white man's country, treat her fine. Fireheart no give to him yet, but maybe she will if White Chief no catch love pretty quick."

Eric's flesh crawled at the prospect—the virgin priestess of the lost isle in the arms of the worst cutthroat in Sandomar's crew—but when he opened his lips to protest, the ringing words would not come.

He saw her dusky skin, her straight coarse hair, her slanted eyes. "Then if you want Swede, take him. He won't carry you away with him—if he does, he'll not stay with you—but if you're determined to have a white man, I suppose he's as good as any."

The eager light died in her eyes. "I no want him! I tell you big lie. Fireheart she feel cold, sick, when Swede touch her, put arm around her. I want you, man I see in dream."

But Eric could only turn aside. "If Swede makes trouble for you, come and tell me. And remember what I said—that love comes when it comes, and no man can catch it. Now let you and me be friends."

The girl gazed dreamily away. "Maybe you never catch love for Fireheart," she murmured at last. "Maybe you want girl who came in boat. I hear you say so first night you come, but Fireheart make prayer she no hear right. But maybe she did hear right."

And now Eric must deal in half-lies. The safety of his whole party was at stake. "I think the girl you mean intends to marry Roy. I don't suppose I could get her, no matter how much I want her."

"Fireheart make prayer he get her quick, so you no think of her no more. Then maybe you want Fireheart." A low red flame shone through the black iris of her eyes. "But she tell you, she no common squaw, she priestess of lost people. She no wait till she old woman for you come take her. She love hard—like big tide in full moon—but no love like devil-wave sweep over rocks."

* * * * * * * *

In the meantime, Sandomar's gang had kept the law. Although their looks were sullen, they worked steadily and well. But Eric knew that this was only the calm before the storm. His guard did not relax, but tightened with the passing days.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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I. G. A. FRUITS for Salad No. 2½ can 19c

TRY A CHOICE BABY BEEF STEAK or ROAST.

"Don't cheer, boys. The poor devils are dying!"

"Miss Democracy" Election

Much interest is being shown in the election of Miss Democracy who will be the queen of the Democratic Picnic on Sunday, September 3, at La Honda Bowl. Martinez, Danvile, Port Chicago, Pittsburg, Antioch, Walnut Creek, Rodeo, have entered comely young ladies in the contest. Those who so far have indicated a desire to have the honor of being "Miss Richmond" are as follows: Blanche Floyd, Stella Vance, Mae Hadley, Ruth Parker, Dorothy Hearn, Mildred Armstrong, Grace Buchanan, Yvonne Chancelet and Clara Spuzio.

Canada Larger Than U. S.

The Dominion of Canada is larger than the United States. The area of the United States is about 3,026,790 square miles; that of Alaska, 590,885, making a total area of 3,617,675 square miles. Canada has an area of 3,729,665 square miles, or 111,990 square miles more than the United States proper and Alaska combined.—Pathfinder.

"The Little Entente"

Czechoslovakia, Rumania and Jugoslavia, leagued by treaties for mutual defense, have been dubbed "the Little Entente."

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Made from a special formula handed down through the Schulz family for generations. Don't fail to purchase some Saturday.
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1 Park Place Home of Blue Ribbon Bread

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Good For 100 Votes
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BEDTIME STORY

By THORNTON W. BURGESS

JERRY MUSKRAT'S BUSY DAYS BEGIN

JERRY MUSKRAT had had an easy summer. There had been plenty to eat and little to do. He had loafed, played, made social visits and had a good time generally. There had been no good reason why he shouldn't. But now it was time to think of the coming winter and prepare for it, and Jerry was ready to work. There isn't a lazy bone in Jerry Muskrat's stout little body. That is one way in which he differs from Peter Rabbit.

Now that he had decided where he would build his new house, Jerry got to work without waste of

"No Use to Try to Fish There Now," Grumbled Billy Mink.

time. His busy days had begun. Perhaps I should have said his busy nights had begun, for Jerry, like his big cousin, Paddy the Beaver, prefers to work at night. If he isn't bothered he works during the day, also, especially on a dull or rainy day, but as a rule his real working hours begin just after jolly, round, red Mr. Sun goes to his bed behind the Purple Hills.

Of course Peter Rabbit was all curiosity as soon as he knew that Jerry was to build a new house, and every chance he got he slipped over to the Smiling Pool to see how Jerry was getting on. At first he could make nothing of it excepting that over beyond the Big Rock Jerry was making the water terribly muddy. Now and then a cat-tail would fall and disappear, and in places the water would bubble and boil very hard, showing that something was going on beneath. Then after a little Jerry would climb out on the Big Rock to rest and get his breath. You know it isn't an easy matter to hold your breath and work, too, and this is what Jerry had to do.

At first only that part of the Smiling Pool beyond the Big Rock was muddy, but gradually the muddy circle grew wider and wider until it began to look as if the whole Smiling Pool would be made muddy and unpleasant. Billy Mink and Little Joe Otter came down from the Laughing Brook to the Smiling Pool, took one look at it and promptly turned back. They were cross about it, too.

"No use to try to fish there now," grumbled Billy Mink. "That's Jerry Muskrat's doings. Must he he is building a new house."

"He seems to think no one else has any right in the Smiling Pool," growled little Joe Otter. "I say that no one has any right to let his private affairs interfere with the affairs of his neighbors. If he must build a house why doesn't he do it without cheating us out of a day's fishing?"

"Let's go down and tell him what we think of him," proposed Billy Mink.

"Water's too dirty. I can give him a piece of my mind later. The best thing for us to do is to keep away from the Smiling Pool for a few days," grumbled Little Joe Otter.

But Jerry Muskrat knew nothing about the grumbling of his neighbors. I suspect it would have made no difference if he had. Jerry had too much to do to worry about the feelings of his neighbors. They would have to stand the muddy water until he got the foundations of his house laid, and to lay these he had to dig. Digging under the water made the water muddy, and there was no help for it. If he could stand it they could. So Jerry dug and came up to rest and went down to dig again and was happy, for to be usefully busy is to be happy.

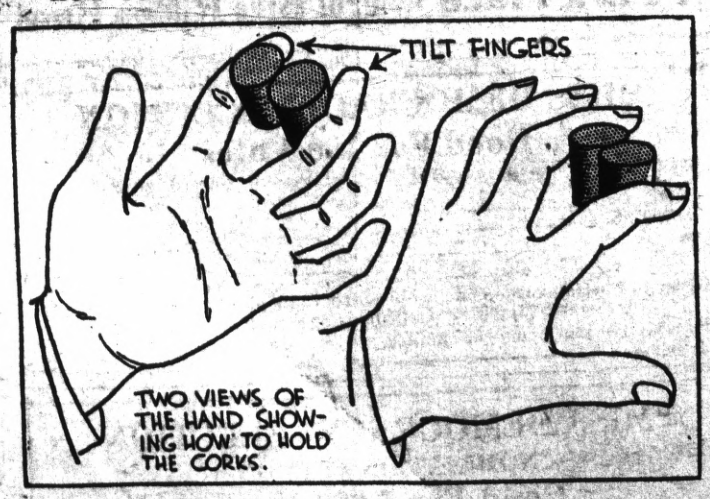
©, 1933, by T. W. Burgess.—WNU Service.

Old Postal Cancellations

The United States had no system in its early cancellations, and at the introduction of stamps the postmasters were forced to use whatever was at hand. These included many marks which were applied as "prestamp" covers, such as "free" or "paid," and rate marks such as 3, 5, 6, etc., which were useful when no stamps were affixed, but meaningless on letters bearing stamps.

TRICKS of MAGIC EXPLAINED by Will L. Lindhorst

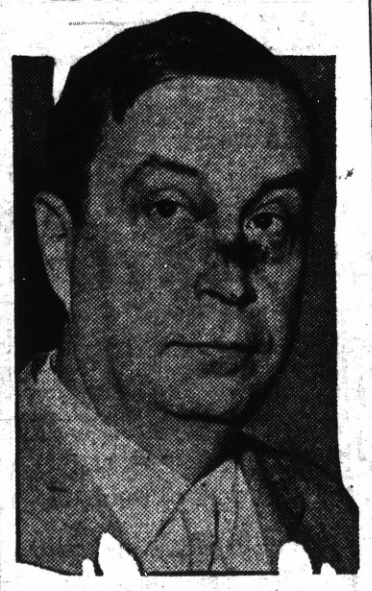
HOW TO GRASP TWO CORKS BETWEEN FINGERS



Stand two medium-sized corks together and ask some one to try to lift them between the index and middle fingers. It will be found that the corks roll away as they are grasped. The trick is done by slightly tilting the tips of the fingers, which prevents the corks from rolling. Corks of equal diameter at top and bottom should be used—wine corks, if they can be found.

(Copyright Will L. Lindhorst.)

EDUCATION CHIEF



Dr. George F. Zook, who has just taken office as United States commissioner of education.

When There's Sickness

By DOUGLAS MALLOCH

YOU shut a door so quietly, you tip-toe here and there,
With ev'ry breath you're breathing half a breath and half a pray'r;
You hurry to the window ev'ry car you hear below—
It may be it's the doctor, though he left an hour ago.
You know you must be hopeful, but you're worried through and through;
You wish that there was something, only something you could do;
The others seem so noisy (though they're quiet as a mouse),
But you mustn't get them crying when there's sickness in the house.

We're mighty independent when they all are well and strong,
And life's a simple matter running steadily along,
We're planning for the future, for the daughter, for the son.
And how we'll spend the summer when the wintertime is done.
Then, like a cloud at noontime, like a shadow on the grass,
Death's angel hovers over little lad or little lass.
You try so hard to hide it, keep the worry from your face—
But you're feeling mighty helpless when there's sickness in the place.

And then to things forgotten in anxiety we turn,
For often by affliction is the only way we learn:
We know the need of something, and of Someone who will hear
And help us bear the burden of uncertainty and fear.
We pray some strength from heaven, that we almost had forgot,
Will drive the somber angel from beside the little cot.
Oh, we're mighty independent when the world is fine and fair—
But we want the Great Physician when there's sickness anywhere.

©, 1933, Douglas Malloch.—WNU Service.

AMERICAN HEROINES

By LOUISE M. COMSTOCK

Deborah Sampson

IN THE days before the beach pajama and the shorts, the woman who donned masculine attire let herself in for serious consequences. Deborah Sampson, whose adventurous soul rebelled against the narrow background to which she was born, dressed herself up as a man and found herself fighting the American Revolution!

In 1778, when the Revolution was well under way and the army was sorely in need of recruits, Deborah was a vigorous girl of eighteen. She spun and wove a length of suiting, took it to a tailor and ordered him to make up a suit for a fictitious brother. Then, in her new clothes, Deborah set out on the highway of adventure.

On May 13, when a new detachment of fifty American soldiers arrived at West Point, there was among them a slender young infantryman named Robert Shurtleff, who carried his gun awkwardly and had fainted with weariness on the hard two weeks' march to the post.

Presently our heroine found herself in Captain Webb's company of light infantry, equipped with a French fusee, knapsack, cartridge box and thirty cartridges, handsome in a new uniform, blue coat lined with white, white waistcoat, breeches and stockings, and a jaunty red plumed hat. Side by side with her comrades at arms she fought at Tarrytown, White Plains and at Yorktown. Her greatest difficulties were the attention of infatuated women, and the danger of exposing her sex. She was once unceremoniously knocked down by a jealous sergeant who accused her of stealing his girl. She claimed to have had smallpox and risked contracting the disease rather than expose herself to vaccination, and she endured in silence the agony of a wound on her thigh, and bore its results the rest of her life, rather than submit to medical attention. At length in Philadelphia during the summer of 1783, she fell victim to a fever, was thought dead, and her sex was discovered when the doctor felt for her heartbeat. The doctor kept his knowledge a secret.

Deborah was discharged from the army the following fall, married a young farmer named Benjamin Gannet, and bore him three children, who lived to share in the pension awarded her in 1831.

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PAPA KNOWS—

"Pop, what is sewing?"

"Obsolete art as far as women are concerned."

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Telepathy

Telepathy is a branch of the Tibetan secret lore.

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In every room—connection for radio reception, running filtered ice water, both tub and shower.

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ROY G. MITCHELL, Manager

Cunning Summer Clothes for Tots

By CHERIE NICHOLAS

SUCH a splurge as stripes and plaids are making in fashionland this summer, specially in the children's realm where ginghams galore and dimities and linens and other popular materials for little folks' clothes are simply running riot in the matter of striped and plaided effects.

To add sprightliness to the mode the little frocks of plaids and stripes take on all sorts of dainty organdie frills and furbelows just like the fashions so much in vogue for the grown ups, are doing.

We think the little ruffled organdie cape on the red and white crossbar dimity frock which the little girl to the left in the picture is wearing is a detail worth keeping in mind when next the problem presents itself as to "how to trim" this or that frock for Miss Seven or Eight. Each circular ruffle is piped with bright red to harmonize with the plaid. The skirt is somewhat gored and a sash of self-material is tied in a perky bow at the back.

Since these little capelets are so decorative and so easy to make, why wouldn't it be a good idea to make one as a separate item so that it could be worn with any number of dainty frocks? Accessories of this sort count as a real asset when it comes to "dressing up" children to occasion.

Concerning the charming little guimpe dress of multi-colored gingham on the girl picking flowers, it is an adorable style for a child of six, or seven or so. The skirt is pleated and the bodice part is banded at the top with a clever yoke effect which provides straps over the shoulders. This little contrivance buttons, as you see, on to the fussy little organdie blouse. The puffed sleeves which give a broad shoulder effect are in keeping with present fashion trends. Pipings of the gingham relate the guimpe to the dress. One of the very practical things about an outfit such as this is that it admits of several interchangeable blouses.

Brother-and-sister fashions are given special emphasis in the realm of juvenile apparel these days. Little sister's dress and junior's blouse, as shown in the picture, feature the effectiveness of bright blue and white striped broadcloth for children's clothes.

An unprecedented vogue for linen goes on record this season both in the adult and the juvenile realm. The curly headed youngster with the wide-brimmed hat is clad in linen even to her chapeau—pale blue handkerchief linen for her simple frock with little strips of navy blue linen binding and banding her hat, which is of heavy light blue crash linen.

Handkerchief linen of the sheerest sort and in pastel colorings is proving a favorite for cunning little frocks upon which exquisite handwork is lavished, especially smocking, fagoting and drawnwork.

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Hints About Latest in Styles for Women

The newest thing is a fabric flower to match a hat, bag or gloves.

Chamoisette is holding its own in the glove brigade, and comes in white, beige, pastel and dark colors.

Molyneux is making hip length capes entirely of ostrich tendrils. They come in bright pastel shades and are for evening.

Green crystal four-leaf clovers and little elephant tusks or walrus teeth in white bone are used by Vera Boren as ornaments in her new fall collection.

All in all, the evening styles are a better risk than the daylight ones, which verge on being too untailored.

Cotton string gloves are all to the good, and they're showing them now in crocheted style with permanently starched cuffs, for evening wear.

The jacket frock is developed in all the fabrics of the moment—summer sheer crepes, printed crepes, chiffons, linens, pique, eyelet embroidery and other cottons.

Mother's Cook Book

SUMMER MEALS

DURING the warm weather in most households the meat is cut down in quantity. A little with plenty of fresh vegetables will supply all the food value one needs for the warm days. If there is a bit of chicken, veal steak or even beefsteak, it will make a good meal combined in a chop suey.

Cut up a bunch of celery into small pieces and cook it with an onion or as one's taste dictates. Add a little boiling water with the finely cut cooked meat, a few fresh cooked green beans and simmer until all are nicely seasoned and the onion well cooked. Celery is better served in this dish not soft, but crisp and transparent. When serving place on a platter with a border of hot cooked seasoned rice. Use a dash of chop suey sauce before taking to the table.

Creamed Sardines.

Drain one can of sardines. Remove backbones from fish and mash. Melt one-fourth cupful of butter, add one-fourth cupful of soft bread crumbs and one cupful of cream. When thoroughly heated add two hard cooked eggs finely chopped, the sardines, salt, pepper and paprika to taste. Serve on pieces of toasted bread.

Short Bread Cakes.

When you wish to serve something out of the ordinary try these: Line patty pans with short bread pastry, sometimes called scotch shortbread. Fill the shells with any kind of cake batter—sponge or cup cake is preferred. Bake and remove carefully from the pans and cool. Scoop out a little from the center of the cakes and ice all over with icing, sprinkle with shredded coconut or shredded almonds and brown. When cool fill the centers with flavored whipped cream and pipe a border around the edges. Fresh berries with the creamewill add another variation.

Orange Ice Cream.

Add two cupfuls of cream slowly to two cupfuls of orange juice, add a little of the grated rind, and sugar to taste. Freeze and serve with fresh chopped and sweetened strawberries.

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Timely Suggestion

Among the host of timely suggestions for milady's wardrobe is this gown of black satin starred in white and worn with a coquettish jacket of white organdie.

Summer Corsets of Soft Rubber Bid for Favor

It isn't fair to keep talking about the top layer of fashion and extolling its virtues while taking the more obscure items for granted. And right now there is considerable news next to the skin.

A summer corset has made a bid for fashion's favor. It is made of soft rubber—no stays or things to cramp your style—and instead of being cut so long all the way down to give that sleek line over the hips and upper part of the thighs, sections are clipped out neatly back and front and the legs slip through rings like garters, making a perfect fit.

Most Noted Lighthouse

The most noted lighthouse of ancient days was the Pharos of Alexandria, made of white stone and standing 400 feet high. Its light was said to show at a distance of 40 miles.

STYLE NOTES

Costume jewelry gains new importance.

Frogs of leather or braid are latest fastenings.

White organdie trims navy or black straw hats.

Orange and melon shades are accented for summer.

Black linen becomes an important sportswear fabric.

Evening frocks emphasize voluminous balloon sleeves.

Fashion offers choice between sleek or frothy silhouettes.

Lake St. Clair

Lake St. Clair has 460 square miles of water surface, 180 miles of it in the United States and 280 in Canada. Its widest point is 24 miles. Its maximum depth is 28 feet.

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Printed by WESTSIDE PRINTSHOP, Point Richmond

The PROGRESS stands for:
1. Abolishing city council "star chamber" sessions. VICTORY NO. 1
2. Modification or annulment of the Parr lease.
3. Amendment of our present 1909 City Charter.

BACK TO TEMPERENCE

Now that the Southern States like Alabama and Arkansas have had the referendum on repeal, and it would seem as if the Eighteenth Amendment is doomed to what many think is a well deserved grave it will pay this nation more than ever to get back of real temperence principles.

Any reputable physician will tell you that as many people dig their own graves with a knife and fork as is done with a bottle. There will probably always be those who swell their stomachs with rich foods and develop gout.

But the American nation, like other sucessful nations, is best exemplified by the average, sober, hard-working man or woman, rather than by the "bar-fly" or the white-tied, holier-than-thou, "brother's keeper."

Give our boys and girls the right, tempered, education in our schools on the subject of eating and drinking; and when they grow up the problem of racketeering and gangsterism will take care of itself.

"Netting" Needle

The netting needle or shuttle was very common in the Eighteenth century, says Pathfinder Magazine. Women used the dainty tool in making a kind of narrow lace known as netting. When the craze first struck it was more or less a pastime, and an expensive one, for the netting needles were fancy and expensive. Later on needles became less elaborate and many women made all their own lace. We see few netting needles in operation today because few women know how to operate them.

Chinese Finger-Forceps

Until recently Chinese dentists were trained to extract any tooth from the patient's mouth without using any instrument and solely by the strength of their fingers.

Printing U. S. Postage Stamps

United States postage stamps are printed at the bureau of engraving and printing in Washington, D. C.

Music

Music can imitate not only the emotions but the sounds of life as well more closely than any other art.

OBSERVATIONS
By Lee D. Windrem

The great crisis in John's political life then and there arose. He had a chance to win or lose his all; and, like Caesar who hesitated on the banks of the Rubicon, finally said, "The die is cast," and with these words took the river—so did our hero, John, cross his Rubicon, grabbed the postmaster appointment—and instantly became the self-styled political boss of Contra Costa County, as did his predecessor become the Master of Rome!

• • •

Through the masterly administration of President Hoover my friend, Charlie Patton, became one of the 30,000,000 unemployed, and went over to Boss Miller's post-office to get a money order with his last pay-check to send to his family. Our political boss came out of his office, saw Charlie, and asked him what he was doing. Charlie replied, "I am looking for a job." Then, said our boss, "All right. Come in my office. I want to see you." Naturally, Charlie's heart was buoyed up with hope while the eternal hills clapped their hands for joy and he rushed into the office. Boss John's offer to the man who had visions of receiving a much-needed job was as follows:

• • •

"By all means, Charlie, vote for Hoover!"

• • •

Charlie gave him one look and said, "Excuse haste and bad pen, but I have to go"—and went.

Early Bureaus

When bureaus first appeared in eighteenth century England they were usually accompanied by small dressing mirrors. These were made with an oblong swinging glass set in a base fitted with one drawer or three little ones in a row, called jewel tills. The feet of this separate mirror arrangement were often of the clam and ball variety, to match the bureau on which the looking glass was used. Bracket feet were also popular.

Our good subscribers, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. S. Renwick have returned from the Rotary Club International convention at Boston. Their eastern trip was via Panama Canal and New York; and return by Chicago where they attended the World's Fair.

New Hampshire Highways

New Hampshire's highways date back to 1796 when legislators passed an act incorporating a company to build the first turnpike.

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Delicious : Tempting : Satisfying
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THE FEATHERHEADS

By Osborne
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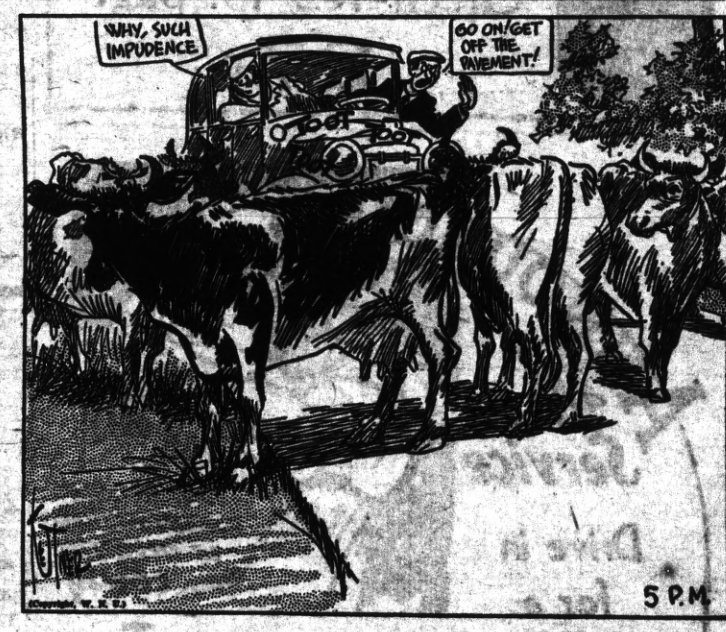
The Art of Selling

ODD THINGS AND NEW—By Lame Bode

WNU Service

Along the Concrete



Events in the Lives of Little Men

Father Sage Says:

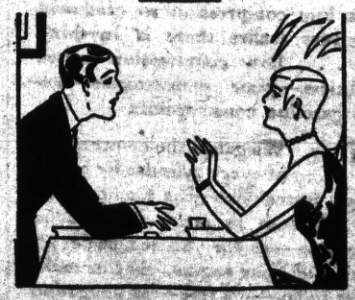
It was a great thought, making the straw hat's brim all nicks, so it couldn't get any more, rolling down the street.

HORRID THING

"Tom called on me yesterday afternoon."

"Yes," he told me he had some time to kill."

OUT AND IN



She—I just love a good evening out.

He—I would too, if it wasn't for the morning in.

DOWN AND UP

"Where does Brown live?"

"Below his ideals and above his income."

Community Cash Grocery

UNITED GROCERS

(J. E George)

155 West Richmond Avenue — Phone Richmond 985
A UNITED GROCER - - FREE DELIVERY

All Ching $4.00 Value DRIP-COFFEE-MAKER — and — 1 lb. FOLGER'S drip COFFEE

FOLGERS COFFEF 1 lb. can . . . 29c

Westlake Oysters 3 5 oz. cans 25c

Westlake Honey 20 oz. jar . . 21c

BRILLO small pkg. Brighten Pots and Pans 7½c pkg.

Tree Tea

Black-- 1-2 lb. pkg. 33c

Green-1-2 lb. pkg. 27c

FREE Compression Test

Motors lose compression so gradually few drivers realize there is anything wrong . . . Low compression causes sluggishness—poor performance—excessive gasoline consumption.

WE TEST COMPRESSION by a NEW Scientific Method

We gauge the compression of every cylinder by means of a new instrument—the Compression Tester. Watch us make the test on your motor—see for yourself the exact condition of your engine. Let us make this test today—it's free—no obligation whatever.

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WE RECOMMEND HASTINGS PISTON RINGS and give you a COMPLETE GUARANTEE of SATISFACTION

No other piston ring carries so broad a guarantee. HASTINGS guarantees you not only against defective rings but also the labor cost of replacement. Only HASTINGS gives you this protection.

Served Shortest Time

President William Henry Harrison, who died of pneumonia just one month after he was inaugurated, served the shortest time.

Smith-Hughes Act of 1917

The Smith-Hughes Act of 1917 provides for federal co-operation with the states in the promotion of vocational education. The federal board of vocational education operates under this and similar subsequent acts.

Our good friend Errol Lane, from the Tenth St. Branch is now on duty at our Point Bank.

CHASSEUR GROCERY

128 Standard Ave.
Phone Rich. 131
Joe Chasseur Ben Farina

CHALLENGE BUTTER, solid lb. 25c

SPECIAL—FRYERS Freshly Dressed ..... lb. 25c

SUNNY SMILE PEAS No. 1 can ..... Per doz. $1.15

SOAP, Peet's Crystal White Granulated ..... Large package 19c

SUGAR, Powdered or Brown 1 lb. package 7c

MATCHES, Swan or Red Tip Large box ..... 2 for 7c

CLOROX, Pints ..... 2 for 15c

TUSCANI CIGARS, Marca Petri AA. (Limit 1 box).. box $3.25

Rights reserved to limit quantity

We serve them big
We serve them small
Between the two
We serve them all!

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Original Designs and Patterns

6

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WANT AD RATES, Each 25c
Three issues for 50c

FOR SALE

Wood, eucalyptus, $14.00 cord, delivered. Phone 3456.

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FOR RENT, Unfurnished

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SIDNEY H. GNAGA

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FOR RENT, Furnished

For rent, 2 room apt., completely furnished, including lights, gas and water. $12 per month. 107 W. Richmond Ave., The Point Apts.

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Roofs Shingled, Saws Filed
Good and Honest Workman
55 Park Place
Established in Point Richmond 1898

MRS. GIANNASI

6

Coats and Dresses Made to Order
Repairing and Remodeling
61 Park Place
A Point Richmond Progress Booster

Power of Poetry

Poetry has the power to search things and having done this, it has power on us to cause what it does to be "felt in the blood and felt along the heart."

Boston's Temperature

Boston is much warmer than inland points only a few miles away. Chestnut Hill and Cambridge are among nearby localities where the temperatures are lower. This difference in temperatures is attributed to Boston's proximity to the sea.

Mrs. H. N. Palmateer, and the McCreaths have returned from a pleasant vacation spent in Humboldt County.

Six Letters Shy

A man who wanted Rudyard Kipling's autograph and who had heard that the famous author never put pen to paper for less than 50 cents a word, sent him $1. According to the story the two words he received were not what he had hoped for, being simply "Thank you."—Boston Transcript.

J. E. George and Les Stanley vacationed last week end at Cazadero.

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Free Wm. ROGERS & SON SILVERWARE

QUICKLY BUILD A SET FOR COUPONS IN EVERY SACK OF GOLD MEDAL "Kitchen-tested" FLOUR

5 lb. sack 30c 10 lb. sack 55c

Del Ray SPAGHETTI One Pound Glass . . . . 2 for 25c

Pure Maple Syrup Lady's Choice Full quart decanter 25c

H-B Prunes Large Package While They Last . . 2 lbs. 15c

Swift's Gem MAYONNAISE Quart Jar 37c

FRUITS & VEGETABLES

Sweet CORN On Cob 12 for 15c
TOMATOES Large Solid 3 lbs. 14c
Green Apples . . 4 lbs for 15c

APRICOTS PEACHES PLUMS 3 lbs. 14c

CUCUMBERS AND ALL BUNCH VEGETABLES 1c